



Mythical stories



76 1 4

Chapter 1 by Christine Joseph

Diminishing my shock, I realized what had just happened and made a mental note: strangle Kem when I meet him. What was he thinking?! In the wooden box lay a small disc with a sun engraved in it. The disc seemed to emit light of its own. I leaned closer to pick the shining disc out of the box, holding it felt power itself. The disc was warm, thin and was made of gold. I took the letter written from my brother to examine it more closely.

With a little hunch, I turned the thin paper and my suspicion was correct, written in Kem's handwriting on the back of the paper was:

'The Treasure of RA.'

Chapter 2 by Jade



Now, it may serve our purposes better if I was to back-track just a few steps, and try and catch you lot up with the story to-date.

My brother Kem decided a long time ago that his name meant something special, rather than just allowing himself to believe, as I always had, that our parents had an obsession with both the Romany and fire. You see, his name LITERALLY means The Sun, the Romany were once thought to be of Egyptian stock (hence the derogatory Gypsy... but let's stick a pin in that); take this conglomeration of coincidence, and my fool of a kid brother lights out for Egypt for seven years to find...

Well, I guess to find "The Treasure of RA".

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that, It's just a coin, after all. Prettier than most, to be sure, but still a coin. I sliced the end from the envelope and discharge it's contents on the table beside the box. Three sheets of good paper... 'my, my, but he's becoming verbose,' I remember thinking and rolling my eyes as I took the first to hand.

"Dearest Charani,"

Ok, I told you my folks had a fetish... My name is the Romany equivalent of naming your kid 'Phoenix.'

"First off, you're about as hard to get a hold of as ever, Sis; I've had this box bounced back to me more times than I can count, and you OWE me for postage and grief. Is a forwarding address really so hard to arrange, particularly when both sides of the family have a tendency to wander? But in any event, I'm going to assume that I'm not going to need to post this again, 'cause I'm pretty sure it's either going to make it to you... or end up in a pawn shop, depending on Marcus' financials...

"Yep," I thought, smirking, "You should have thought to get it to me via hand off first... since when has the post been able to keep up with me?"

"Considering though, I'd rather you have this... it's not exactly crucial; I think I can work out more of the story based on my notes and a few resources that I've been exchanging letters with

these past few months... but Sis, that's Not Gold – at least not pure gold, and my jeweler hasn't a clue as to what the alloy might be. I'm not sure if the reference to 'Cuttings from The God King's Labyrinth' and in another fragment of the same, a drawing of seven of these disks being text of some ceremony.

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"Char, I'm making a leap here, and I don't necessarily expect you to follow every point in my logic - hell, we both know that rational thinking was never my strong suit - but I keep finding reference to bejeweled trees and gardens of riches, no matter which myth set I step into; think about it, the story of the Firebird, the subterranean gardens of Hades and those in the Arabian Nights - Golden apples that began a war... And those are just the ones that I know that we both heard as children.

"Char, what if some part of all those stories is real... The Gardens of the Sun, The Treasure of RA... and I think I know how we can find it.

His writing, normally measured and neat, was elongated and thin; I could easily hear Kem's voice in my head, slowly rising as I felt his excitement grow... I know my brother, and even if there wasn't a shred of real evidence in his favor, he could believe in the most outrageous things. What was funny about this was, I almost believed it myself.

I looked from the letter to the box on the table, it's contents all but glowing, seeming to cast it's own light within the velveteen interior. I could see the grain pattern that probably had excited him so much; I'd initially taken it to be an indication of an impure alloy that had been folded on itself, not unlike Damascus steel. Yet, as I picked it up and held it against Kem's letter, I found myself examining it closer. Could it be?..

"I'm going to hold here in Memphis for a bit longer, maybe see if I can dig up a few more scraps to complete my notes. But Sis, if you get this before the start of October, I need you... No, I want you with me when I do this. No obligation for family, no calling in of markers.

"Sis, this could be one of the biggest things I'll ever have a chance to be a part of - it would mean the world if you would meet me in Panama by the end of October. I know you still know how to find me."

"With a Wink and a Smile,
Your Brother,
Kem Foulter"

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